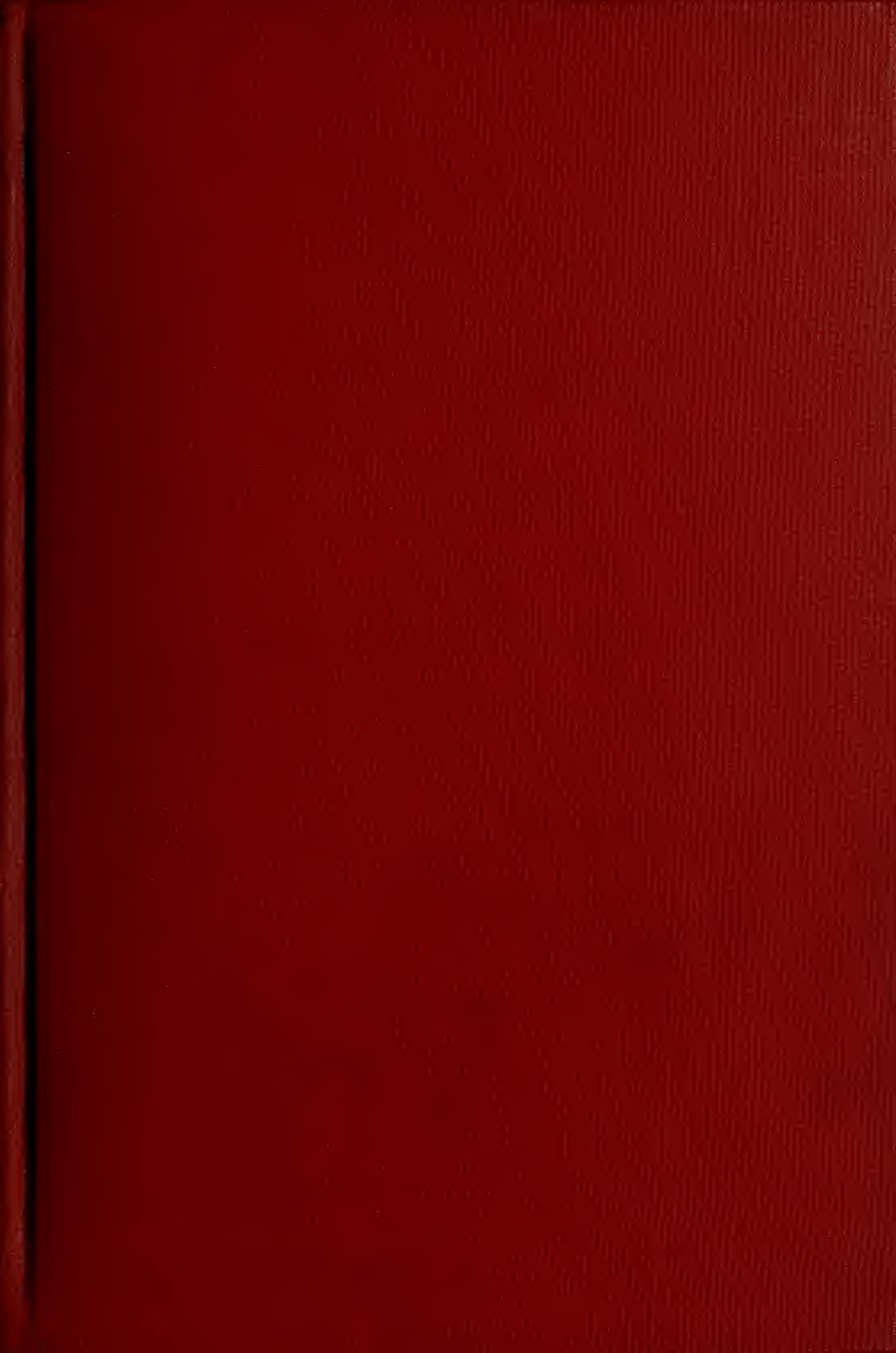
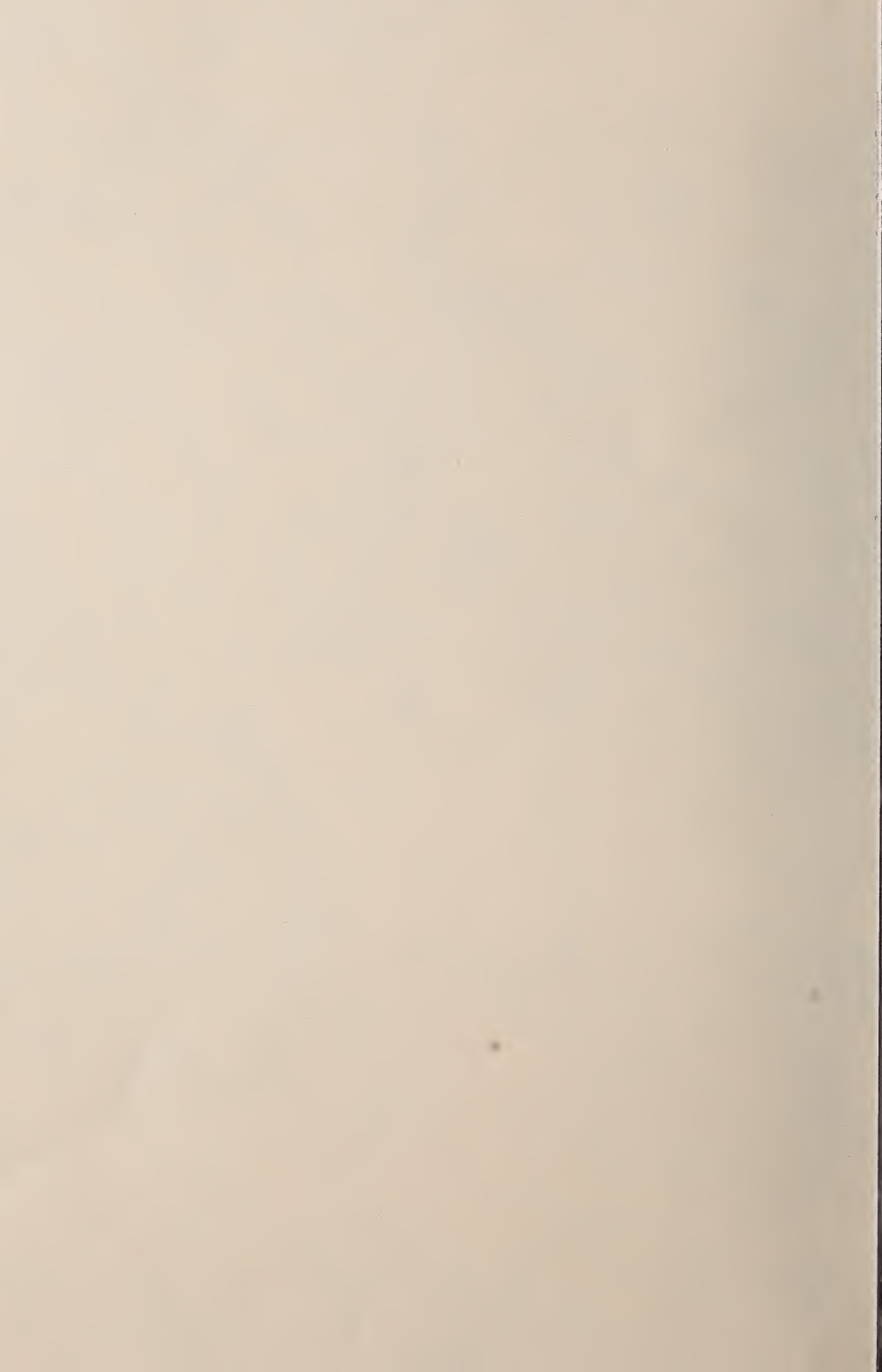






The LINK



October 1953

THE LINK

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THE BIGGEST FROG IN THE POND—There was only one thing that stood between seaman second-class Herb Kehoe and matrimony—that was his future mother-in-law. Then the admiral stepped in. You'll enjoy this Navy tale. Also, don't miss THE HUNT, a perilous adventure in the jungles of Africa.

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1953

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BLUES *for a Lady*



A. WINSLOW HOUSE

MARINE PFC Peewee Martin stroked the sleeve of the new blues laid across the bunk beside him and gazed longingly at the rows of bright ribbons on the blouse.

"Look, you guys," he wailed, "you know it's blues or nothing with Josephine! I just gotta wear 'em tonight." Desperation crept into his voice. "There's two jays beating my time right now. If I show in greens, I'm snowed—for good! Look! Just tonight—for Josephine!" he pleaded.

"Turn it over," Smoky said grimly. "We got you where we want you for once, boy. As for your blues, we're just calling 'em collateral 'til you pay up. Right, Tex?"

Texas leaned back against the wall, his long jaws working on the wad of gum with rhythmic ease. "Seems like a kindly way of putting it," he agreed softly.

"But I tell you guys," cried Peewee, "I'm clean! Come payday you know you'll get it, straight on the line. Be a couple of rights!"

Smoky shook his head firmly. "It's not as if you had to cover our money, squirt. You should have known that she-devil bird would have us in trouble before a week of stateside."

"Gertie?" questioned Peewee with innocent surprise. "You wouldn't expect me not to stick up for her, would you? She didn't mean to get you in bad with that wolf call of hers, anyhow. How's she to know the CO's wife's passing, and you was sitting there on the barracks steps?"

"Take a look," Smoky said flatly. "We're here doing solitary in barracks because of it. *We* call that trouble! Why didn't you keep her under cover till we knew our way around?"

"Claustrophobia, that's why." Peewee's voice sounded tired. "You guys know Gert can't stand to be shut up."

Gravel Gertie sidled her glistening black body along the perch, spilling out her liquid notes softly to herself; then with a lunging spread of her wings, she shot from

the perch to Peewee's dejected shoulder and muttered her adoration in his ear.

Tex studied her for a moment. "Of course," he suggested mildly, "the guy in that pet shop I was telling you about will give you twenty bucks for her. That'd square us—"

Peewee's voice rose in injured pride. "Twenty bucks for Gertie?" he exclaimed. "Maybe for ordinary mynah birds—sure! But what's their vocabulary? Can they bawl you out like the Sarg? Can they sing 'Blues in the Night' jest like Dinah Shore, even to that there crack in the record we left in Pusan?"

Peewee got up slowly, returned Gertie to her perch and stood a minute, his finger tracing the outline of the top target mark in the row painted on the perch's stand. "Can they bait commie snipers out of hiding with that native lingo, the way you guys know she's done? Can they give a banzai that stands the hair straight on your head—well, can they?" he insisted belligerently.

The others shook their heads silently, all three thinking back to that dawn on a Korean beach when their offshore barrage stilled, and the people who'd been pinned on the strip had a chance to go after the rubble-strewn command post up the slope. The quiet of that moment had been broken only by the high, vicious, insane, banzai chant coming from behind the one remaining concrete wall before them.

It had been Peewee who had taken the corner first, his BAR swinging in a watchful arc about the dust-clogged ruins. They had

all been good natives found there that morning, though completely silent, eternally still. The hysterical, unearthly cataract of hate had come, instead, from a smallish black bird imprisoned in a little bamboo cage lying half-buried on its side in the rubble.

Remembering now, Peewee softly stroked the white tipped wings of the bird beside him while Smoky came to his feet and with a disgusted grunt went out into the night, slamming the warped door behind him.

Texas stirred, shifting his feet on the plank flooring, and Peewee looked at him questioningly, hopefully.

"The blues?" he wanted to know.

Texas returned the look, his brown eyes full of affectionate humor. "No dough, no blues!" he said and eased his lanky height through the door to join Smoky outside.

The night was quieting about them. The camp, emptied of its pass-holding celebrants, was settling into its early evening routine. Across the bay, the city lights twinkled and shook out in wavering blurs across the water. Under the light at the gate, the sentry moved about, checking the late outgoing passes. The two lone figures on Barracks B steps watched him longingly.

They listened to the sudden energetic movements inside their quarters with half-curious, half-reluctant admiration for their pint-sized, spunky side-kick who never seemed able to accept defeat. They looked at each other speculatively.

"D'yousuppose—" began Smoky.



"He's pulling a fast one, y'mean?" finished Texas. "Could be!"

"Not tonight, he doesn't," vowed Smoky grimly. "For my money, that Mac's pulled his last—strictly his last."

They watched Peewee Martin push open the door and step out into the suffused glow of the street lamps. He was very trim in his service greens now, and his cap tipped at a perilous angle over one innocently gleaming eye. His buddies took in the uniform at a glance; and then their attention centered on the suitcase in his hand.

Smoky groaned, and Texas shook his head sadly.

"Very sloppy, my bucko," he deplored. "I hate to admit it, but you're slipping."

"It wouldn't—" ventured Smoky, "it wouldn't by any chance be your blues in that bag?"

Peewee looked surprised, faintly hurt at their suspicion. "There you lugs go," he exclaimed. "Always ready to think the worst of a guy. And me trying to co-operate!"

"Oh, sure," soothed Smoky. "Right down the alley."

Peewee ignored him. "Long's you guys think I ought to cash in on Gert, I've made my decision. I'm taking her in."

Smoky hooted in disbelief. "Straight from Missouri, that's me! Let's have a gam at the bag."

Peewee backed against the open door in alarm. "Hey, no," he insisted. "She's loose in there. You'd let her out."

Smoky advanced on him, determination in his face. "Give!" he commanded, yanking the bag from Peewee's grasp and snapping open the clasps.

A highly indignant shriek issued from its interior. A black ruffle of feathers tumbled out on the boards and began blindly bumping into their legs and the door jamb. Quickly the bird hopped and scuttled back into the lighted barracks. Then with a screech of outraged dignity, Gertie vaulted to the top bars of her master's bunk.

Peewee Martin picked up his bag with an icy glare of condemnation toward the two on the steps and, stalking silently back inside, slammed the door.

Smoky and Texas looked at each other, a little bewildered

and ill at ease, as they listened to the violent squawks, angry screeches, and steady stream of pungent Marine expletives issuing from their quarters.

"The guy loves that bird," began Smoky hesitantly. "We know he's good for the dough, come paycall. Should we—"

Texas shook his head firmly. "Brother, if we weaken now, our position's washed," he explained.

Sudden quiet settled inside the barracks. Then with a violent thrust the door slammed open, and Peewee, suitcase in hand, stalked out and down the steps past his buddies, ignoring them with studied indifference.

They watched him go down the company street, his short stride stiff with anger and injured dignity. But once past the sentry and the gate, his distant figure took on a sudden jauntiness, an alert expectancy, and his salute that seemed to be slanting their way held a certain implication known only to the three.

Smoky looked uncertainly at the long, lank figure sprawled on the step beside him. "Did you see that guy?"

Texas stirred uneasily. "I hate to do it," he said, "but something tells me I'd better see if the blues are still inside."

But then he stayed where he was, a slow grin of admiration spreading over his face, for from behind the closed barracks door a voice, warm and sultry, began to sing "Blues in the Night" so true to life that he'd have sworn it was Dinah Shore—except for a regular recurring clack like came from that cracked record they'd left over in Korea.



"Sure you have a choice—take it or leave it!"

Elephants

can't enlist any more!

James Aldredge



OVER fifty years ago a British Army officer in India thought he had something pretty clever in the way of an idea. Since the horse had joined the cavalry and the mule had made good in the quartermaster's corps, why shouldn't his royal highness, the elephant, be allowed to sign up for the artillery?

The scheme no sooner was proposed than it was tried out. In no time at all it was known that a battery of six-gun carriages and limbers drawn by twelve big cow elephants had become part of the British Army. Two of these animals made easy work of hauling their five-ton loads over level ground.

When it came to climbing hills, the elephants carried out orders like real soldiers. It was a sight to see them getting those guns up some of the rocky buttes—slopes upon which cavalry officers had to dismount from their horses. But the elephants didn't complain. When worst came to worst and the ascent was especially steep they crawled up on their stomachs.

All this happened in peacetime. What would the ponderous pachyderms do when they really came under fire? The English officers

didn't like to think about that, and perhaps it was just as well.

One of the first tests came at Mooltan in the Punjab. The mahout who sat on the neck of the flank elephant tried to claim afterward that a bee had started it. But the English officers knew better. For had it been a bee, the elephant would have squirted dust to drive it away. More likely it was a stray bullet. Whatever it was, it sent that flank elephant into a panic, and when one elephant of a bunch is scared enough to run the rest follow helter-skelter.

Luckily the white gunners on the limbers tumbled off at once. However the Indian mahouts stuck it out to the end. After rattling over the landscape for six or eight miles, they at last succeeded in bringing the animals under control. But by that time they hadn't much left to pull. Everything breakable in the six-gun carriages and limbers had been scattered along the way.

When Captain Graham Hope came from England to take command of an elephant-drawn battery he learned plenty about the big beasts. One day a new elephant was added. Until her first day on parade she couldn't possi-

bly have seen any of the others. But after the ceremonies were over, as soon as the harnesses had been taken off, she and another cow elephant in the battery made a dash at each other, twined their trunks, thumped and bumped each other, and gurgled and squeaked like old school girls. Captain Hope hadn't a doubt that an old jungle friendship was being renewed.

There was one elephant in the battery who dearly loved a joke. Captain Hope thought she had the proper spirit until the day she picked him for her victim. One evening she and the rest of the elephants were returning from an afternoon's romp in the lake. All were feeling very gay. The English officer happened to be going along on his horse just then. When he was about fifty yards away the joking elephant stopped, looked at him for a second, and then cocked her ears and rolled up her trunk tightly. Another instant and she came charging toward him, trumpeting like a wild bull elephant. Captain Hope and his horse didn't wait to face her. They bolted like greased lightning. But when the Captain pulled up and looked around, there was that madcap elephant capering about and waving her trunk and making all sorts of shrill, cackling squeaks. It is the way an elephant laughs.

Captain Hope figured that the merry pachyderm knew all along that she couldn't catch him and his horse, but she wanted to scare them stiff and see them run.

Her prank made all the other elephants laugh in the same way. Later, when the Captain watched

her being fed that evening, she let out an occasional squeak as if she were still chuckling.

The end of drafting elephants into the Indian Army came when a cow elephant named Sylvia cut up. The officers in charge had decided that the elephant battery was to be moved on the railroad. For that reason a special truck on wheels had been built for Sylvia.

What Sylvia thought of the whole business must have been anything but complimentary. Perhaps she had decided that her own feet were good enough to get around with, and railroads were just a noise and nuisance anyhow.

She did not do anything about it until the day they put her into the truck. Then she acted swiftly.

First of all, she picked up her keeper with her trunk and dropped him outside—out of harm's way. Then very firmly but with no sign of anger, she went to work.

When she had finished that truck was nothing but a jumble of matchwood and scrap iron. Very quietly then but with her usual air of dignity Sylvia stepped out of the ruins.

Twice after that the Indian railroad company built special trucks to carry Sylvia, the battery elephant. But all of them were treated by her in the same way. The railroad grew tired and gave up.

So did the British Army staff in time. They had found that their pachyderm-hauled artillery didn't work out. The big beasts fell into a panic even over the whine of a stray bullet. The result is that no elephant volunteers are wanted today.

Noted Personalities

JOSEPH C. STACY

LISTED below (with their "first" and "last" names scrambled) are twenty noted men and women—past and present. Can you unscramble at least fourteen of the names correctly for a passing score? 15 to 18 is good; 19 or 20 is excellent!

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------|
| 1. WILLARD, boxer | (a) Joyce |
| 3. TCHAIKOVSKY, composer | (b) Leonardo |
| 3. JOHNSON, baseball player | (c) Agnes |
| 4. PERSHING, soldier | (d) Gertrude |
| 5. THORPE, football player | (e) Robert |
| 6. HOWE, inventor | (f) William |
| 7. DRESSLER, actress | (g) Jess |
| 8. JACOBS, tennis champ | (h) Jim |
| 9. BURNS, poet | (i) Leslie |
| 10. HARDING, president | (j) Albert |
| 11. EDERLE, swimmer | (k) Pëtr |
| 12. BURBANK, botanist | (l) Ludwig |
| 13. HOWARD, actor | (m) Walter |
| 14. De MILLE, dancer | (n) John |
| 15. KIPLING, author | (o) Elias |
| 16. EINSTEIN, scientist | (p) Luther |
| 17. Da VINCI, painter | (q) Marie |
| 18. BEETHOVEN, composer | (r) Rudyard |
| 19. BLACKSTONE, jurist | (s) Helen |
| 20. KILMER, poet | (t) Warren |

(Answers on page 23)

The Ugliest Actors in Hollywood

By Jack Marr

THE SCENE is a quiet garden in Los Angeles. Stretched beside a pool is one of Hollywood's veteran actors. A sign on the fence enclosing his privacy reads: Pontchartrain Billy, Moving Picture Star. You've seen him in dozens of pictures, for this venerable actor, although far from handsome, has played opposite all the glamour girls from Mary Pickford to Dorothy Lamour. Yet he is no ordinary film personality. For Billy is a trained alligator actor and between pictures he lives at the California Alligator Farm with two thousand other reptiles.

Though Billy is only one of many alligator actors housed at the farm, his years of acting experience and more than three hundred screen roles make him the farm's star performer as well as Hollywood's leading jungle villain. When telling visitors about Billy's illustrious film career, Francis V. Earnest, Jr., owner of the farm, usually remarks, "This is the 'gator Tarzan fights and kills in all those Tarzan pictures."

Billy began acting back in the days when motion pictures were just getting started, and one of his first important roles was in the serial "The Adventures of Kathleen." Now a mere two hundred years old, which is barely middle age as far as alligator longevity is concerned, Billy will probably go

on facing the cameras for years to come.

Billy switched from swamps to stardom over forty years ago, following his capture in Lake Pontchartrain, Louisiana, in the days when that region was wild and untamed. Billy was wild in those days too. In fact, it took ten years to tame Billy and get him used to working with people. Today, however, he is the most trusted alligator on the farm and despite his forbidding appearance is actually so gentle that children mount his broad back to go for a ride or have their picture taken for the family album.

Billy stretches a little over ten feet from snout to tail and weighs in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds. This is an ideal size for picture work as he is big enough to look dangerous on the screen yet is not too large to make handling difficult. Billy's last released picture was "King Solomon's Mines." If you saw the movie you may recall the scene where the girl steps on Billy, mistaking him for a log. Recently Billy traveled over to 20th Century Fox to work in "Cry for the Swamp," a film set in the Florida Everglades. Working with Billy in the picture were six more of the farm's alligator actors, three eight-footers and three smaller 'gators.

Since this movie was made dur-

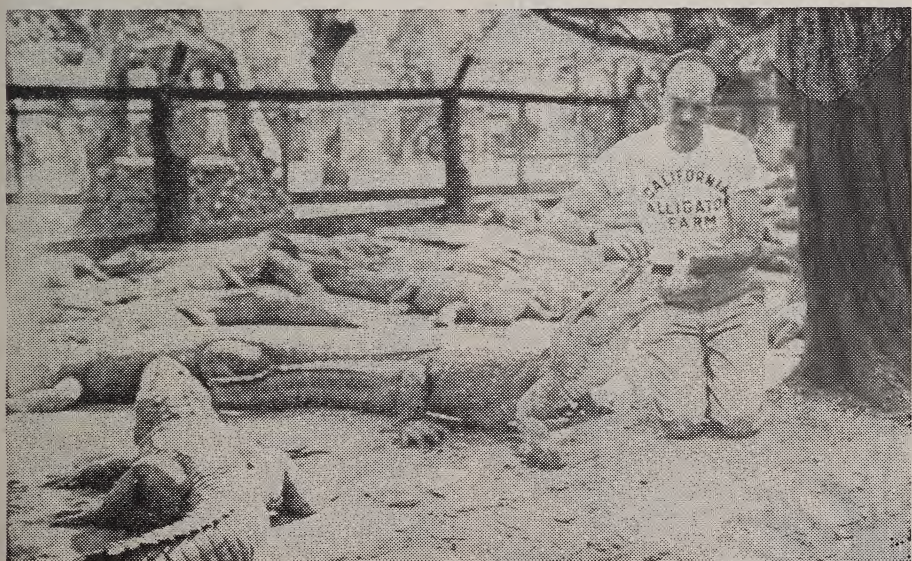
ing the winter months when the alligators are mostly inactive, special measures had to be taken to liven the beasts up for action shots. This was done at the studio by placing the alligators in a steam heated tank and gradually raising the temperature. Under the influence of the warm water, the alligators snapped out of their seasonal stupor, becoming frisky enough to run through their acting assignments with customary ferociousness. Then, work completed, the alligators lapsed back into their semi-hibernating state to slumber until spring.

Sometimes the studios put in a call for large numbers of alligators to be used in filming jungle extravaganzas. For example, in "Her Jungle Love," starring Dorothy Lamour, Paramount used three hundred alligators. For "Trader Horn," one of the first

big jungle pictures, the farm supplied over two hundred 'gators. The farm also furnished a trainer who acted as stunt man and double for one of the actors in the picture. In one scene the trainer was required to dive into a stream and wrestle one of the alligators. Another picture that featured a large number of alligator actors was "A Message to Garcia." It was while on location for this movie that the farm sacrificed three of its thespians. They were shot to lend realism to the scenes.

Keeping abreast of the times, the alligator actors have already appeared on television. Last summer a local TV station shot a film which shows how the reptiles spend their non-working hours relaxing down on the farm.

The farm consists of twenty small ponds, where the alligators are kept, in varying numbers. As



How to make friends with an alligator: Offering the tidbit is the farm's present owner, Francis Earnest, Jr. If there's any rule about turning your back on an alligator, Earnest apparently never heard of it. The alligators in this enclosure are from 75 to 350 years old.

alligators are cannibalistic, they are segregated according to size and temperament. One pond may contain only a few while another holds as many as two hundred. Truculent 'gators like "Killer Blue," who is the farm's current bad boy, are kept by themselves. The farm learned by experience that this fellow would tolerate no company. After "Blue" slaughtered two large 'gators who were put in with him, he was dubbed "Killer" and left in strict privacy.

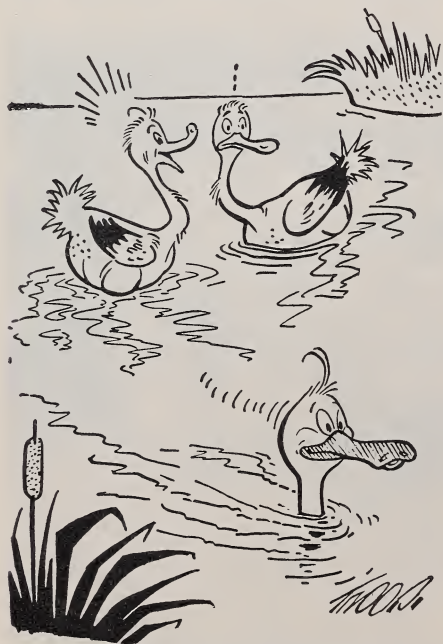
A tremendous specimen, "Blue" measures thirteen feet and nine inches in length, and weighs nearly seven hundred pounds. Oddly enough, this giant 'gator was captured in a swamp just four miles from the heart of Shreveport, Louisiana, and only a quarter of a mile off U. S. Highway 80. That was in 1947, and to date

"Killer Blue" has never flashed his toothy smile or scowled his ugliest for the benefit of movie audiences. He is just too mean for film work. Besides, as Earnest points out, it takes eight men to pick him up and move him around.

"Blue" is a physically perfect alligator, a fact that is not true of all the farm's inhabitants. Many of the 'gators are minus a foot or part of a jaw. These are battle scars, acquired fighting over food, and few full grown alligators are without such injuries. Horsemeat forms the farm's staple diet, and it is thrown to the 'gators in great chunks. The meat is usually seized by several 'gators before it ever hits the ground. With powerful jaws clamped on the meat, the alligators then roll over and over, twisting off pieces of food. Often in this savage scramble the alligators will miss the meat and bite down on each other. This makes no difference. A hungry 'gator would just as soon eat alligator meat as horsemeat.

Any small alligator that dies is cut up and fed to the others. But if the dead 'gator is over three feet in length, the farm calls the city disposal unit and has them take away the carcass. Removing the backbone from a large alligator is too much trouble.

Normally, the alligators eat only five or six months out of the year. Feeding stops about the middle of October when the beasts begin hibernating. This fasting lasts until April or May, depending on the weather. As the weather warms up, light feeding is started and continued until mid-summer



"There's that heavy eater I told you about!"

when the alligators become ravenous.

What amazes people who visit the farm for the first time is the age of many of the alligators. One pond contains nearly a hundred large 'gators, ranging in age from 75 to 350 years. "Killer Blue" has the distinction of being the oldest as well as the largest and meanest alligator on the farm. He is an estimated 425 years old. Although some alligators live to be 500 years old, the average life expectancy is less than five years. In their natural habitat, small 'gators have many enemies who are a constant threat to their survival.

The farm was established in 1908 by the late Francis Earnest, father of the present owner. The idea had first occurred to Mr. Earnest in 1900. At that time he made a journey through the Louisiana swamps and was struck by the scarcity of alligators in a region which had once teemed with them. Investigation disclosed that ruthless slaughter by hunters had pushed the reptiles close to extinction. Earnest found that in the period from 1880 to 1894 an estimated 2,500,000 alligators had been killed in Florida alone. While some had been butchered for their hides or for their teeth, most had been victims of wanton sportsmen, using them for target practice. Florida and other states now have laws to protect their alligators from hunters. But in spite of these efforts at conservation, the numbers of alligators seem to decrease annually in the United States.

Earnest decided that raising alligators in captivity could, in a

small way, help the situation. Also he felt that many people would be interested in seeing alligators at close range. Earnest bought his first alligators—seven hundred in all—from the farm of "Alligator Joe," in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and had them shipped to Los Angeles. Over the years, Earnest, with the help of his family, built the farm up to its present population of two thousand 'gators, small, medium, and large.

From the beginning the farm proved a popular attraction, drawing hundreds of visitors daily. The infant motion picture industry was delighted to have this alligator menagerie in its backyard. Soon Earnest was busy training reptilian actors for movie careers. In the old days, one of the first movie studios in Los Angeles was located directly across the street from the farm.

During the war the farm numbered many servicemen among its visitors. Actually a serviceman doing the town could see more film stars in five minutes at the farm than he could see in a week spent walking Hollywood Boulevard or frequenting the Hollywood Canteen.

The farm is open to the public every day except Monday, the year around. A guided tour of the grounds takes about an hour, and during this time visitors ask questions and receive a mine of information about alligators. One question that is sure to be asked is: "How do you tell the difference between an alligator and a crocodile?" An alligator differs from a crocodile in the shape of its head and also in the way its lower teeth mesh with the upper. Or, as "Alli-

gator Tex," trainer at the farm, and a man who used to wrestle 'gators in a Wild West Show puts it, "A crocodile's head is only about half as wide as an alligator's but about a third again as long." What "Tex" might add but doesn't is that neither is more handsome than the other.

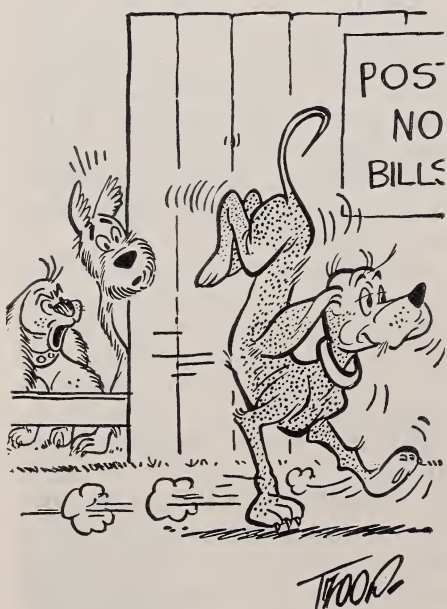
The farm has only one crocodile, a surly brute kept by itself in a steam heated pool, inside the reptile house. While crocodiles thrive in many tropical regions throughout the world, alligators are found only in the southern United States and in China's Yangtze river.

A feature attraction at the farm is the alligator slide. The performing 'gators plunge down a steep chute into a pond. Training an alligator for this aquatic act requires three years of patient handling.

Despite their hideous appearance, most of the alligators are quite docile and used to people. About the only time they show any temperament is when disturbed. Alligators are exceptionally lazy and hate to move. And when they do move, they believe in a straight line being the shortest distance. Earnest illustrates this when he climbs into a pond and prods one of the 'gators into moving. The disturbed alligator will make a hissing sound at having its repose interrupted. Then, in an effort to escape Earnest, the creature will crawl over all other alligators in its way, rather than go around them. As for the alligators being stepped on, they lie motionless, waiting for the transient to pass over. As Earnest explains, "It's easier than moving."

Alligators, being very gregarious, don't need much room. They habitually lie in heaps, all mixed up like spaghetti. Earnest often remarks that if you put two 'gators together in an enclosure as large as the entire farm, they would end up sprawled on top of one another.

Visitors to the farm are sometimes startled to hear the alligators bellow. The reptiles are extremely sensitive to vibration, and the slightest disturbance, such as a jet plane flying over, is enough to set them off in loud complaint. "Alligator Tex" recalls the day when the entire farm joined in a chorus of frantic bellowing. On this occasion "Tex" had spotted no plane overhead or felt any vibration, so he was unable to give visitors an explanation for the sudden vocal activity. Next morning, however, "Tex" found



"Aw, just some doggone publicity hound!"

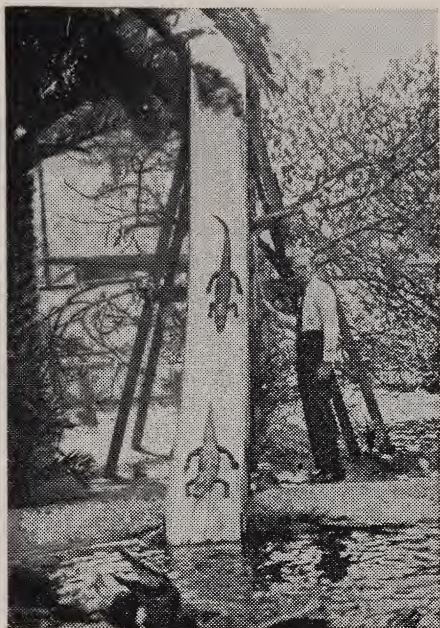
the answer in the morning paper. It seems that on the previous day Los Angeles had experienced one of its periodic slight earthquakes. Humans had not felt the shock but the alligators had—reacting to it immediately.

In the spring, the male 'gators on the farm all bellow loudly, for this is the mating season. Mating takes place in May, and the females lay eggs once a year, in June. The eggs, which hatch in about two months' time, are slightly larger than a hen's egg. At birth, young alligators are about eight inches long. From this small start alligators have, in the past, grown to a length of sixteen feet. But today such monsters are no longer seen. In fact, twelve foot 'gators are rare anymore.

The farm has had a few giant alligators in its time. The biggest was a fourteen-footer with the exotic name of Okeechobee. Unfortunately, this gigantic fellow was wounded when captured—most of his jaw having been torn away in fighting—and he died after only a few years at the farm.

The farm does not raise alligators for their hides, but it does have one sideline besides producing movie stars. Earnest will sell you an alligator, a year-old one, for only \$6.50. He sells quite a few to pet stores and to people who keep them in backyard fishponds. However, a good percentage of the purchases eventually bring their pets back to the farm. Their neighbors don't like having a "dragon" in the next yard.

Acting honors at the farm are not held exclusively by the alligators. Some of the farm's three-



The late Francis Earnest, founder of the California Alligator Farm, shown with some of his performing pets. The signal to "start sliding" is a rap with a stick on the side of the chute. (Note stick in Earnest's right hand.) Alligators gain top of slide by climbing a ramp in the rear. They use tails to propel themselves upward.

foot, South American iguanas are movie stars and starlets, too. The iguanas, through the use of trick photography, show up on the screen as dragons and giant dinosaurs many feet in length, in such movies as "One Million B.C." and "Tarzan's Secret Treasure."

Jungle pictures run in cycles and this means that sometimes there are not many movie roles for the farm's swamp villains. However, slack times don't bother the reptilian actors. They only eat six months out of the year anyway.

A PROMISE KEPT

DISABLED VETERANS currently enrolled at the Joseph Bulova School of Watchmaking, Woodside, Long Island, are learning the science of watchmaking in this unique school designed primarily for disabled veterans, and operated by the Bulova Foundation. Three hundred and forty men disabled by war injuries have been graduated during its eight years of operation. Prior to their injuries these students were formerly employed in such diverse jobs as truck driving, boxing, teaching music, technical laboratory work, laundry work, riveting, tending a flower shop, and farming.

Operated at no cost to the veterans and without government subsidy or contribution, the aim of the school is "To Serve Those Who Served Us." The school came into being in 1945 because the Bulova Watch Company wanted to aid disabled veterans by giving them valuable job training. Helping the veterans also aided the jewelry industry by providing skilled watchmakers who were in short supply. In July, 1945, the doors of the Joseph Bulova School of Watchmaking were opened to qualified veterans. Ex-GI's are still being trained to be individual watchmakers or repairmen. That is, they are *not* trained to work in factories but as assistants to jewelers and watchmakers in small businesses. Some of the veterans

have now set up their own jewelry and watchmaking stores.

Watchmaking has a definite appeal to many paraplegics and amputees because it is ideally suited to their limitations. It requires a minimum of physical effort, no standing for long hours, and yet is a profitable and uncrowded field which offers self-sufficiency and independence to the veteran.

There are two requisites for enrollment in the Joseph Bulova School of Watchmaking. First, the patient must pass Veterans Administration aptitude tests and special tests devised by the school for such a trade and second, he must be rated at least seventy per cent disabled by the VA, or in the case of the few persons admitted who have had no military service, they must be recommended by a rehabilitation agency.

During a period immediately after World War II veterans received training in watchmaking while they were still hospitalized in a special training program set up by the school with the cooperation of the Veterans Administration in rehabilitation hospitals. The veterans later completed their studies at the Joseph Bulova School of Watchmaking at Woodside. The trustees of the Bulova School are now considering admission of veterans of the Korean

campaign after they have regained their health.

Every facility in modern vocational training is included in this excellent school. It is supported solely by the Bulova Foundation and chartered by the Board of Regents of the State of New York. Designed so that the students will have the ultimate in physical comfort, there are ramps for wheel chairs, electric-eye controlled doors, cork floors so that the boys won't slip, complete medical facilities with a nurse and doctor in attendance daily, an exercise room, two movie projection rooms, a specially designed double entrance safety elevator, a recreation room, and innumerable other physical advantages.

This modern curriculum utilizes the latest devices for audio-visual teaching. The single large classroom has the most modern projection equipment. Electrically operated drapes darken the classroom in thirty seconds. These conveniences facilitate use of motion pictures which introduce and explain each phase of the study course.

From the psychological point of view—it is realized that these students have suffered major disabilities and find themselves by default entering a school to learn watchmaking—everything has been done to help them apply their new skills enthusiastically.

Although watchmakers are highly skilled artisans, most of them are incapable of teaching the delicate art of watchmaking. Since the school could not locate persons with a knowledge of watchmaking and teaching, a staff of teachers had to be specially



The Joseph Bulova School of Watchmaking, Woodside, Long Island, New York—a unique school designed primarily for disabled veterans and operated by the Bulova Foundation at no cost to the veterans and without government subsidy or contribution.

trained. Young engineers with teaching experience in precision mechanics and model making were personally instructed in the principles and techniques of watchmaking by the Dean of the school, Dr. Howard L. Beehler. The New York State Department of Education has given them instruction leading to a State Teacher's Certificate. In addition, the school selected from the Bulova plant two young women who were skilled in the most difficult aspects of watchmaking and assigned them as full-time instructors and advisers at the school.

The theoretical aspects as well as actual manual operations of each unit in the training program is presented in the first motion

picture. This is followed by classroom discussion, by demonstrations employing large scale working models and by lectures. Supplementing this are detailed, illustrated booklets and a specially designed Training Manual which serve as guides during the students' actual work.

To make these films Bulova officials called in a leading educational film company. The partially animated films also presented a number of unusual requirements. One of these dealt with the hairspring, with five vibrations per second. It was necessary to portray this in slow motion with a complete cycle of oscillation extended over eight seconds of time. The drawings involved were of accurately registered and spaced spirals of the hairspring, and there was no hope of doing them with ordinary drafting tools.

For this job, a special machine was designed and constructed by the Bulova Company. With this machine spirals of any pitch can be drawn and it can be used to produce distorted spirals as well as perfect ones at the will of the draftsman.

So successful has the program with its visual aids proved that the Canadian government recently installed a similar school in Toronto, with films, texts and other equipment supplied by the Bulova Foundation. After the school had been seen by an official of the French government, Mr. Stanley Simon, vice-president of Bulova, was invited to Paris to arrange details for setting up schools in French Red Cross hospitals.

Devised to help the handicapped veteran become familiar with the working conditions under which he will be employed in jewelry stores throughout the country, a model jewelry shop is operated in the school as the last portion of the training program. It is here that the student learns retail procedure.

There are many opportunities for the students of the school to make friends as a result of recreational activities directed by the students through their Council. Their greatest enthusiasm is shown in rooting for *The Bulova Watchmakers*, the wheelchair basketball team that has competed throughout the U.S.

As each disabled veteran is graduated from the school, the VA will give him a complete set of tools and equipment costing approximately \$850. If the student is recommended by another rehabilitation agency, The Bulova Foundation presents the tools and equipment as a gift upon graduation. Some graduates, particularly paraplegics, often prefer to set up shop in their own homes or repair watches on a contract basis.

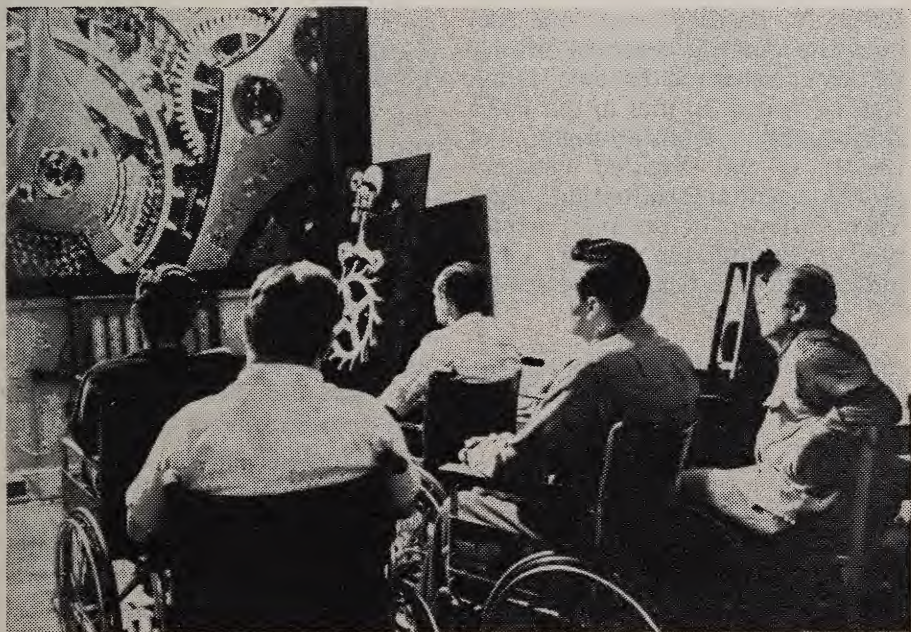
Giles Verstraten, the first student enrolled, and the pioneer in testing all the specially designed safety equipment installed in the school, now operates his own thriving jewelry and watchmaking business from his home in La Mesa, California. He pays the highest property tax in his vicinity because of the valuable business he has set up.

Then there is the story about four young disabled veterans of World War II, all paraplegics, who met in Kennedy Hospital,

Memphis, Tenn., and studied watchmaking with the sole purpose of going into business together. The four men from Tennessee, Illinois, Missouri, and Wisconsin became acquainted when they were recovering from injuries they had received in battles all over the globe. The first in the group, Jean H. Jones, completed his training in June 15, 1949, and returned to Versailles, Missouri. Willard H. Higdon of Chattanooga, Tenn., and Gjermund M. Romundstad of Strum, Wisconsin, who were graduated on June 24, 1949, returned to Georgia and Wisconsin. The fourth man, Richard H. Jereb, had his training interrupted by illness, so he did not finish and set out for Chicago, Illinois, until August 4, 1949. As the friends parted they renewed their

pledge to get together again. Today these four veterans are together. They have achieved their goal. They own and operate their own jewelry store in Memphis, Tenn. Their shop is one of the finest examples of the achievements possible in the United States.

Another graduate, William H. Barber of Berkley, Mich., studied watchmaking at Hines VA hospital while hospitalized. His life plans were suddenly altered on his discharge from the Service as a 100% paraplegic. Leaving the shelter of home and parents, he enrolled in the Joseph Bulova School. With his wife Dorothy he established a home in the Rego Park Veteran's Housing project. Now, four years later, after working as assistant to a jeweler, he



Wheel chair students at the Joseph Bulova School of Watchmaking are watching a film in the uniquely designed classroom which utilizes the latest devices for audio-visual teaching.

has set up his own business in his home town of Berkley, Mich. He now employs three people in his store and has added a fourth. Robert M. Felland, of Ann Arbor, Mich., a recent graduate of the school, is the new man. He has an arrested case of tuberculosis.

Fighting their way back to health and ambulation has been a long hard siege for these men. To help them accomplish this goal, the best medical and surgical care is given them all the way from the battlefield to the day they enter the Joseph Bulova School where they continue to receive medical supervision. After their training in watchmaking, they are self-sufficient, and their complete rehabilitation means independence despite their limited physical ability.

Recently, General of the Army Omar N. Bradley, who was formerly head of the Veterans Administration, returned to the Joseph Bulova School to join in the Fifth Anniversary Homecoming of twenty of the disabled veterans of the original graduating class. Three thousand persons assembled, including the country's top industrialists to hear addresses by

the General and former Vice-President Alben W. Barkley.

General Bradley commended the three hundred and forty alumni with the following remarks:

We have gathered here to commemorate the fact that . . . disabled young Americans have kept a promise. In return for some training and an opportunity offered five years ago they have made a "niche" for themselves in a competitive world against the odds of physical disability. Theirs has been an outstanding accomplishment.

In my opinion these young men have more than kept a promise, they have done for themselves and for their communities even more than we hoped they could do.

Immediately following World War II veterans unable to leave the Veterans Rehabilitation hospital could receive their basic training in the art of watchmaking and repair at special classrooms set up by the Bulova School. On their discharge from the hospital, the students could later enroll in the Joseph Bulova School in Woodside, Long Island, N.Y. Now, to acquaint Korean veterans with the rehabilitation training available in watchmaking, Mr. Benjamin Lipton, Rehabilitation Consultant for the school, is visiting the VA hospitals, talking with the men, and showing them slides and photographs of the school and of students at work.

The Bulova Foundation is constantly encouraging other industries to establish similar educational undertakings for the disabled, and as an incentive has put at the disposal of industry its entire staff, research material, and facilities.



"How would you like a nice cold glass of fresh milk before you go? He should be here any minute."

In the past, the physically handicapped have been objects of care to their families and communities. Training them for profitable careers makes them an asset to themselves and their communities, and any activity that accomplishes such results is a contribution to the economic advancement of all.

Coin-Operated Auto—A Veteran's Tuition

Glen D. Gaddis of Salt Lake City is making a better than average living these days renting his car to women drivers—who are not sure they can drive!

As yet, he hasn't come up with one dented fender.

Glen came through three, tough years in the army during World War II without a scratch—only to be laid low and confined to a wheelchair by a postwar attack of polio.

But Glen hasn't let his ill fortune get him down. He is continuing his graduate studies in law at the University of Utah and is making his way with his own invention—a coin-operated automobile!

Realizing that he must have money, and being handy with tools and possessing a tinkering mind, Glen looked around for something new that was needed.

One afternoon a neighbor woman bewailed the fact that she wanted to secure a driver's license, but she didn't have a car to drive to take her state driving test.

This set Glen to thinking. Surely there must be a lot of folks who wanted a driver's license but didn't have a car.

He started drawing plans. Why, he asked himself, couldn't a car be made so it could be coin-operated?

He took his own car out of the garage—by the way, his own car is equipped with homemade gadgets that allow the paralyzed veteran to drive it about town—and started tinkering.

After a few weeks, and a few failures, Glen devised a gimmick for the car's dashboard that will release the car's ignition system when a silver dollar is inserted in the slot.

Now, with special arrangements with the driving inspectors, the car is parked at the state driving test lanes at the Utah state capitol building, so when a carless driver appears for tests, all he—or she—need do is put a silver dollar in the slot of Glen's car and take the test.

The dollar releases the ignition for one hour, and it usually takes less than ten minutes for the test.

Now, Glen's coin-operated car earns him a good living while he attends classes, and he's thinking of patenting the device and going into production.

DAN VALENTINE

MALAITA: BEST OF THE SOLOMONS

C. L. Cadieux

THERE ARE only three remaining places in the Pacific where the white man is in any danger from the native population: Malekula in the New Hebrides, the interior of New Guinea, and the island of Malaita in the Solomons."

That is what I read in the authoritative Pacific Island yearbook just the night before. And now Malaita lay just thirty miles ahead of the blunt nose of our Navy transport which was hauling six hundred bushy-haired native laborers back to their homes after a year's labor on the airfields of Guadalcanal. This was in 1943, and those airfields were mighty important to the American forces in the Solomon Islands.

The entire ship was permeated with the smell of many an unwashed native and the decks were piled high with his belongings, for the Malaitaman brought no useless money back home with him. His year's pay had been turned into crates full of pigs, cases of the omnipresent Spam, cans of tinned biscuit, trade tobacco, and rice—the staple of the Pacific.

Each tattooed mouth held a pipe of some sort, acquired in

trade from those indefatigable souvenir hunters, the Marines. One of the natives had only the bowl of the pipe and this he held to his lips with his hand. The dry, black trade tobacco which they smoked would have asphyxiated a white man, but they kept the air full of acrid smoke, puffing with obvious contentment.

Their skins were of every conceivable shade of brown and black, with the lighter shades predominating. Mother Nature had provided them with black hair, but by the addition of the clay and lime they used to kill fleas and lice, their hair had taken on every hue known to man—from the brick red of the old fellow leaning against the rail to the platinum blond of the young dandy sleeping on the sacked rice. Some unemployed beautician with a barrel of peroxide could make a fortune among these Melanesian fops.

Their clothing consisted of a wrap-around "lap lap" of undetermined color and texture. Most of them were so soiled and greasy that their original color was purely a matter of conjecture. Some of these unlovely sarongs are se-

cured in the fashion of the Tahitian *pareu*, but most of them are held fast by a broad and heavy belt—definitely not of native origin. Some of these belts were easily identified as the property of the United States Marine Corps, but I did see several buckles that intrigued me. On investigation I got two surprises—some of the belt buckles were labelled, "*Dieu et mon droit*," and the other more numerous type carried the imperial German eagle and the legend "*Gott mit uns*," evidently a carry-over from the days when European countries dueled for control of Pacific islands, and at least dating from the days when Germany controlled the island of Bougainville to the north.

Torsos, shoulders, and arms were those of a Charles Atlas advertisement, and powerful necks supported heads that would have made a sculptor reach for his clay. Most of these men had little of the Negroid in their features, but had classic chiseled features reflecting none of the flatness which is characteristic of the Polynesian peoples of Hawaii, New Zealand, and Tahiti. One fellow with the profile of a movie actor especially attracted my attention and Major Svendsen told me that he was half English. Svendsen was the representative of the British Solomon Islands Police.

Watching the natives as they lolled about in the sun and listening to their strange, musical talk, I found it hard to believe all that I had been told about the Malaita people. Cannibalism was proved to exist as late as 1907, and the practice of head-hunting had only gone underground before the

threat of British guns in 1911. Some old-timers claimed that head-hunting still was practiced in the unknown interior of the mountainous island. Svendsen repeatedly told me, "You can't trust the bloody beggars."

As the first thin blue line of Malaita appeared on the western horizon the natives showed great excitement and began to sing and dance about the decks. There was much arguing going on as to what part of the island lay ahead and many an amateur navigator pointed his pipe at some peak in the distance to back up his reasoning.

Our orders were to deliver the six hundred to their homes not just to the island. This meant six stops along the rugged coast line and a trip completely around the island. The first stop was the tiny port of Langa Langa, and already the "boys b'long 'long Langa Langa" were casting wary glances at the other boys. Each tribe, and there are more than sixty on Malaita, has its own definite boundaries, and woe betide the poor native caught out of bounds.

The purple mountains rose



"Okay! Ten hops, then turn and fire at will!"

higher and higher against the western sky and about 11:30 A.M. we heaved to about one thousand yards off the blue-white waters of the reef guarding Langa Langa. The LCVPs were lowered and the first detachments of natives started ashore. As the boats went in toward the beach they were met by swarms of the single log canoes that these natives handle so gracefully. As the boats unloaded and returned for another load, Svendsen and I sought shelter from the tropic sun on the covered promenade deck. Contentedly puffing on his pipe, the Major was soon answering my questions about this strange savage island he knew so well. After a short time he was in full swing, even telling me about the legends of the islands. He told me of the story of Seaman Oscar Nielsen and the crew of a Norse sailing vessel that was blown ashore near Maramasike Passage. The rest of the crew was killed and presumably eaten, for those were the days of the "long pig" banquets. Oscar, however, was kept on display near the hut of a native chief and for eleven years he was chained to a post with an iron collar around his neck. A detachment of the New Zealand army, looking for a murderous native, finally heard of Oscar's plight and turned him loose. Evidently he had learned nothing in his eleven years of captivity for he immediately shipped aboard an Aussie schooner and was killed in an altercation with the natives in the Hebrides.

In the first decade of the twentieth century blackbirders cast greedy eyes at Malaita with

its four thousand natives. Many of these islanders were kidnapped and put into virtual slavery on the New Guinea plantations. However the attempt at forced labor finally failed for the Malaita boys were most warlike and freedom loving. Any that were not killed trying to escape died later of a broken heart.

With the coming of night the jabber of the natives stilled, but just before the last bit of red faded from the sky I heard them singing up on the forecastle. Intending to get in some authentic native music, I went forward. Their voices were sweet and low, and the tune was strangely familiar. It should have been—they were singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

After three more stops on the western side of the island we came to Auki Harbor. To me this is the most beautiful spot in the entire Solomons. It affords a spot of calm water into which a ship can safely swing. All along the shore are the natives' thatched-roof cottages—most of them on stilts. When the ship came in hundreds of boats came out to meet us. Men, women, and naked little children sat in the bottom of the canoes and plied the long paddles with the dexterity of long practice. Inside the tiny harbor is a small island known as Shark Islet—the home of a strange cult of people who worship the tiger shark with pagan ceremonials.

During the afternoon I went ashore with Major Svendsen to meet the British resident commissioner who was bored to death with the heat, the insects, and his dusky constituents. Despite

his languid air, he walked with a brisk step that soon had us tucked out. He led us on a tour of the model settlement at Auki. The government house was an attractive little building with white walls and a red roof that made a pleasing contrast with the dark green of the jungle. Our first stop was a small carpenter's shop where Major Svendsen gave a summary of the latest war news to the natives.

The cargo belonging to the natives had all been unloaded from the ship and the Malaitaman's beast of burden, his wife, was coming down to get the precious stuff. The women were much smaller than the men and definitely not pretty. It was strange to watch the husky men load great sacks of rice and heavy boxes on the women's backs and then go with them along the trail to the village, carrying nothing themselves. I went a little way up the trail, intending to get some camera shots of the village. When I had gone about a mile a belligerent-looking fellow carrying a wicked knobkerrie placed himself in front of me and said, "Picta no good. You go back now." Maybe it was what he said, maybe it was the way he said it, maybe it was the club he carried, anyway, I went back now. Friendly and likable when alone, these

men become surly and suspicious when their women are approached.

When the cool of the evening made life more endurable I had quite a chat with three of the natives. I was amazed at the knowledge of world geography and the fundamental grasp of the idea of imperialism that these men possessed. One of them was a native practitioner trained in Suva, Fiji. Another was an old salt who worked on Aussie trading schooners before the war. He had traveled as far as Sydney and Wellington. The third man was the oldest of the group and conducted himself like a king. He was labeled "Numa one boy b'long 'long wole island." Later that night as he shook hands just before leaving he told me that he had talked to many of the chiefs of the island and that they were agreed that it would be best if Malaita "b'long 'Merika."

I doubt if Malaita will ever belong to America, but I can't help wondering what is best for these sturdy, intelligent people. Should they be left alone again, they may revert to the life of cannibalism and savagery that the British found in the eighteen hundreds. They do need guidance, but that is all that they need. With someone to point the way, they can go far.

Answers to Quiz

(page 7)

1-g, 2-k, 3-m, 4-n, 5-h, 6-o, 7-q, 8-s, 9-e, 10-t, 11-d,
12-p, 13-i, 14-c, 15-r, 16-j, 17-b, 18-l, 19-f, 20-a.

THE SUN was just lost behind the California tree line, as we sat on the long veranda in the afterglow, Uncle John's hands folded expansively over his middle. Between our big chair lay Digger, his old beagle nose quivering lightly with the dreams of early evening.

A big, grey car drifted silently down the graveled curve of the drive and stopped. A young man casually stepped out, a halfback's bounce in the trim of him, and started up the broad steps.

Uncle John's granddaughter, Sandra, hadn't said anything about who was coming for her, and the old man feigned indifference; but I always knew he eyed the parade with extreme interest. I could see his mind working. Now, take this young fellow—he was measuring the youth—keen-eyed, built on the rugged side, well-fitting clothes, and an air about him. Here was a country boy for sure. You could always tell 'em. No city boy could wear clothes as well as that.

"I'm calling for Miss Harrison," the young man said.

Uncle John stood up. "You're at the right place, son," he said hospitably. "Sit down a minute. She'll be out in a jiffy."

The boy smiled. "I'm Jim Storm," he said politely. "It's been some years since I've seen you, sir."

"Of course, you're Big Storm's son. Might have known it."

Good Night
by JULIO



Uncle John performed his duty as a host. Young Storm and I shook hands.

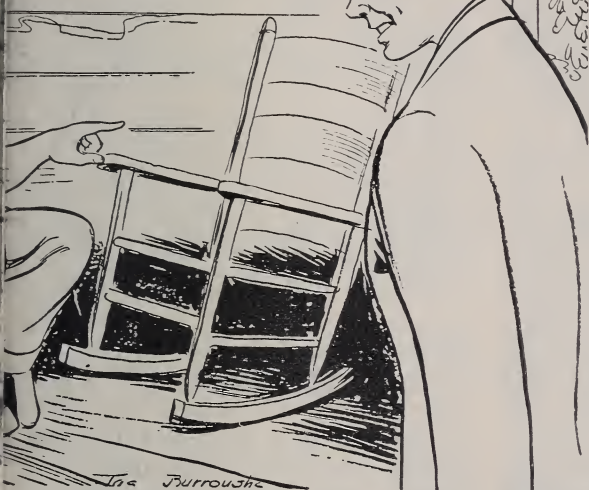
"Sit down, son," insisted Uncle John, getting mighty persuasive. "Women hurry fastest if they think maybe they can catch a man a little late. Take a load off your shoe leather, and she'll be popping out faster than if we make a point of it."

The young man looked doubtfully at the big white door. "She wanted me to come early," he mentioned. "It's an hour to Sacramento, and we're going to take in a show and dance." He looked at his wrist watch. "Hadn't we better let her know I'm here, sir?"

Uncle John waved off immediate action. "In a minute, son," he said mildly. "Going to stay long at the home diggings this time?"

Digger

DANA



"All my life, I hope. I'm just back from school and full of new-fangled ideas about fruit trees." His eyes twinkled. "I understand you're pretty much of a scientific orchardman yourself, sir."

"Sure am." Uncle John was placid. These young lads always had their little jokes. "I even hold with fertilizing with pulverized dewdrops or boiled onions if it helps the soil out."

Jim Storm smiled dutifully. "Did Miss Harrison mention I was coming?" He seemed a little restive as the twilight came down with its coolness and promise.

"Not as I recall," admitted Uncle John serenely. "You'd be surprised at the number of things she doesn't discuss with her grandfather. But you can bet she hasn't forgotten you."

He pulled out a long-seasoned pipe, made all the time-honored adjustments, and puffed slowly away.

Digger got up, yawned, then appeared to notice the visitor for the first time. He came around and gravely offered a paw.

Young Mr. Storm took it.

"Hiya, boy," he said.

"Not so good lately," observed Uncle John. "Getting on like the rest of us. He's fourteen."

"That old?" Jim looked surprised. "My Spig is twelve."

Uncle John patted the old dog's head. "Had a pretty good life," he said.

"Haven't you, Digger?"

Digger wriggled.

The moon was showing faintly now over the south pear orchard. There was a quiet and a fragrance in the hour, as if the earth was finding this the best time of the good day.

"Ever think how lucky a pup is to be born a country dog?" said Uncle John suddenly.

"I hadn't thought of it." The young man was looking at the big door.

"Well, let's think about it a few minutes while we're waiting." Uncle John rambled on dreamily. "There's only one other gent up ahead of him—that's the rooster, and he's only the country dog's alarm clock."

The pipe glowed. "So the rooster gives the country dog his

chance to smell that first dawn wind running across the dew-wet meadows and treetops. He can stretch himself, and make a few slow turns for luck; and if he's a smart dog he won't give a few short, sharp barks to let the family know he's on the job—it's just not the time for noise. It doesn't take long to warm up, get the proper bounce into his muscles; then he's off for a jag of smells. Smells of morning!"

Jim Storm laughed. "And they call it a dog's life!"

Uncle John's eyes closed. He was following the hound of morning.

"He finds where a rabbit has just plunged through the early light in the orchard," he went on. "He zooms out on the fresh trail only to get sidetracked by the sweet smell of the grass, a bird's feather in the path, or a morning leaf still remindful of yesterday's passing.

"Then he finds a gopher hole.

In no time at all he has the hole ten times as big, clods of earth and dust tossing handsomely behind him. But he doesn't get his gopher. Next he passes by, without a look, at a flattened mound of grass where the cat has lain in wait for what might pass."

Uncle John's voice had a lilt in it now. "Then the sun flames up, makes long shadows, puts new zip into the smells. The country dog goes forward on his rounds, from hoof-printed pasture to field, from pigpen to corral, from east quarter vines to orchard, from gopher burrow back to corral fence."

Young Mr. Storm was sitting on tacks. I could see he was thinking Sandra's grandfather was a salty old codger, all right. Another time it would be swell to listen to him. But right now Jim Storm looked as if he might be a young man with a question to ask a lady.

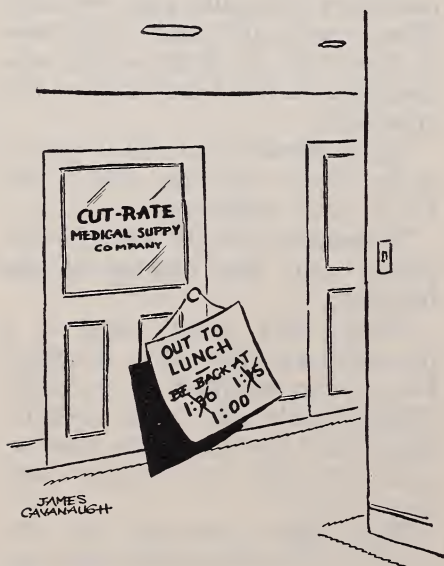
"Suddenly the scent of breakfast overcomes all others," Uncle John sang on. "That reminds him that his family is up and doing. Back he trots to the kitchen. As he cleans up his plate he has time to think that the big farm day is just begun!"

"You make it very graphic, sir."

Uncle John hoisted himself upright in the deep-ditch comfort of the big chair and opened his eyes.

"Take the city dog," he said quickly. "There's a lost soul for you—even if his people love him. Think of all the leashes on city streets, and all the won't-let-me-run legs held on one end of them."

He sighed. "Think of the forbidden parks, the unchased cats,



the anemic trees, the hot pavements under his blistered paws, the harsh noises of city life, the often-interrupted snoozes in such turmoil, the diet laid down by kennelmen, the limited bone supply, and the awful baths to be suffered with such regularity."

"You make it sound pretty bad, sir." Never could it be said that a Storm couldn't take it sitting down.

"It is bad. But what a city dog misses most is smells. What his starved soul needs is the intoxicating delight of the unlimited sniff!" Uncle John leaned back, carried away by his own eloquence.

The frosted, insect-repellant light flared on the veranda, and Sandra walked out through the big white door.

"Hello, you four," she said, smiling. "Sorry I'm late, Jim. Three phone calls."

Young Storm stood up. "We've had a long talk—I enjoyed it."

"He lies in his teeth," observed Uncle John, cheerfully. "Had ants in his pants the whole time."

"We're late now. Have to leave you, darling." Sandra kissed the

old gentleman on the top of his head, wrinkled her nose at me, handed her glittering bag to Jim Storm, and waggled Digger's happy jowls between both hands. "Good night, you two. Good night, Digger."

To Uncle John's experienced eyes there might have seemed a little extra glow about her. It seemed that way to me.

"Good night," echoed the young man. He tousled Digger's head while Sandra switched off the light.

Then they hurried down the steps, got into the big car, and pulled away.

The moon was high now, high and near. The old man filled his pipe, relit it, and smiled out into the bright silver sheen.

"Took it like a little gentleman, didn't he?" he said approvingly. I smiled and said nothing. His hand fell to scratch Digger's soft ear. "And she had stars in her eyes tonight. What did you think of him, pup?"

But Digger's eyes were closed, and his old nose was quivering with a country dog's dreams, I suppose.

Size-Up

Of all things fearsome,

Fierce and large,

The biggest is the

K. P. Sarge.

Dick Hayman



Mush!

A DOG team trip in the vicinity of Cape Christian, Baffin Island, during a special hydrographic mission assigned to the U.S. Coast Guard Icebreaker "Eastwind" afforded the opportunity for an exchange of new experiences for the Eskimo residents of the area and the Coast Guard crew.

As a unit of the Navy Task Force which re-supplied far northern weather stations in the Arctic, the "Eastwind" crisscrossed Davis Strait and Baffin Bay on her trip. It was the first time that transit had been effected in the northern reaches of that area so early in the season.

The ship, at times, had to force her way through ice ranging from six to ten feet in thickness. She had penetrated to a point within twenty-five miles of the Baffin Island shoreline when solid shore ice made further progress impossible.

Then, because certain hydrographic information was required in the vicinity, preparations had to be made for the transportation and return of personnel and equipment over approximately forty miles of ice and snow. Captain O. A. Peterson, commanding officer, took off in the ship's helicopter for a native settlement at Clyde Inlet and, aided by a local native trader, arranged with the Eskimos for dog teams and sledges.

It took the teams twenty hours to reach the ship, guided by the helicopter. Equipment was loaded on the sledges, and the crew members who had volunteered for the rugged trek were eager to start. The Eskimos cracked their whips, dogs bent to the traces, and the party left about 8 P.M. Later, with the temperature hovering around zero, the wind increased in velocity and brought a heavy snowfall.

Anxiety for the safety of the party was dispelled on the following morning however when the "watch dog" helicopter scouted the trail and spotted the travelers still under way.

When the party had completed its work and returned to the "Eastwind," the sledges were unloaded and the Eskimos were invited aboard for a hot meal of "civilized" food and a movie. Knives and folks were new to them, but with a little coaching from the crew the Eskimos managed to put them to effective use. Afterward they watched the movie, enjoying the sound and action even though they could not understand what was being said.

As the "Eastwind" made ready to depart it was learned that the native leader was setting out on a long trip farther north. He was offered a lift on the "Eastwind," and graciously accepted. Getting his sledge and team aboard the ship was a new experience for all hands since the dogs were reluctant to leave the ice and snow.



This young member of the expedition encountered considerable difficulty in mastering the fork technique, but with the aid of Chief Gunner's Mate Frederick Langille he soon succeeded in cleaning up his tray.

Most of them had to be carried bodily up the gangway.

Two days later they were let off on the ice within thirty miles of their destination. Normally the journey over rugged hills and ice in the bitter cold would have taken them two weeks.

Food for Thought

A recent survey shows that the favorite meal of the American soldier consists of meat, potatoes, and chocolate cake.

Limburger cheese got its name from the fact that it was first marketed in the town of Limburg, Belgium.

Truffles, a gastronomical delicacy beloved by gourmets, is actually a fungi which grows underground.

HAROLD HELFER



Although this is her first service story, A. Winslow House ("Blues For A Lady," page 1) has been surrounded for years by a military-minded family—her husband, a veteran of the First World War, and three sons in World War II, two remaining in regular service. "My successful writing," she writes, "has been mainly on radio scripts, some of them dramas."

Taking advantage of the last of his GI Bill, Jack Marr ("The Ugliest Actors In Hollywood," page 8) is enrolled at Los Angeles State College where he is majoring in Sociology. "A dream I entertain in my leisure time," writes Mr. Marr, "is to go on a long, freighter cruise, taking along one large suitcase and my portable typewriter."

Charles Cadieux ("Malaita: Best of the Solomons," page 20) ended his Navy career by navigating the world's largest submarine tender, the U.S.S. "Proteus," from Yokosuka to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, via Guam, Hawaii, and Panama. Mr. Cadieux, who is now employed in what he believes is one of the world's most interesting jobs—as Deputy Commissioner of the North Dakota State Game and Fish Department—took up free-lance writing as a hobby.

A newspaperman, novelist, biographer, and world traveler, Julian Dana ("Good Night, Digger," page 24) is the author of a number of best-sellers including *Giant in the West* which is to be made into a motion picture. Mr. Dana's articles and short stories have appeared in *Cosmopolitan*, *Collier's*, *American Weekly*, and other popular magazines.

Jesse Halsey (United Fellowship Outlines), a minister of the Presbyterian Church, has always been interested and active in youth work. Dr. Halsey was for several years professor of Pastoral Theology at McCormick Seminary, Chicago, Ill.

Illustrations for "Blues For A Lady" were drawn by Floyd Pettengill who formerly headed the Army's Training Literature and Visual Aids Section. Mr. Pettengill is now taking art courses at Alfred University, New York, where he is cartoonist for the college paper.

James Burroughs ("Good Night, Digger") has been "at various times a fertilizer salesman, a sign painter, a photoengraver—always an illustrator." Mr. Burroughs, who believes that he "pulled more K.P. in three years than any other private in the Air Corps," uses his wife, two sons, a pet airdale, and a mirror as models for his drawings.

United Fellowship

We Are Not Blind

Surely you have run across the story of the six blind men who had never seen an elephant. One day they were allowed to touch a tame elephant as their only way of knowing him. The story sadly reports that the hands of each touched a different part of the animal and the blind men ended in a terrific argument over what an elephant is like.

While we are getting disgusted with these fellows for being so stubborn and so sure that each was right, we ought to remember that each in his own way had come closer to an elephant than ever before and had discovered for himself an honest truth.

We Christians today have never seen God. Because of training and situation we approach Him in many ways. All of our ways are incomplete and none of us knows all about God. Yet, we sometimes argue like the blind men; as if our viewpoint and our practice was the only way.

Before we lose our patience at this petty bickering among the followers of Christ, let's remember that each in his own way has come nearer to God than ever before and has discovered an honest truth about God.

However, we are not blind men. We should be able to look about us and see the truth that others have discovered. We ought to be able to see their near approach to God. In seeking new approaches of worship and study we could be reaching out to discover more of the goodness and purposes of God.

Church loyalty must not make us blind. Rather, it should make us secure enough that we shall dare to look about us and appreciate the value and meaning of every approach to God.



—Joe Dana

What's Buzzin'

Sequel

When we last reported on the U.S.S. "Midway" Christian Fellowship League it was January in the sunny Mediterranean and they were cruising eastward toward Italy after visits to Spain and France. These eighty-seven members had just set up a "Mission Fund" so that they could help the churches they visited. Before they left the area over one hundred dollars had been given from this fund.

Their next stop was Italy where on February 10 they visited the Protestant church of Toranto and spent the evenings of February 22 and 25 at the Christian Servicemen's Center in Naples. Some of the fellows went on trips to Rome and to Pisa. Easter found them at Salonika, Greece, where they welcomed aboard about forty civilians for the sunrise service at 0500 and then on the next Wednesday the Fellowship went on a tour to Phillipi, Salonika (Thessalonica of the Bible), and Neapolis (now Kavala). With the aid of Acts 16 and 17 they followed the travels of Paul in these places. They returned just in time for a reception in the Royal Theatre of Salonika.

By this time the group had received member number 134, Bill Sample of Philadelphia, and was headed west. The group president, Jennings Lyon, was chosen

as the "Honor Man" of the year on the "Midway" for his all-around excellence aboard ship. You will find his name on a plaque on the quarter-deck.

Before heading back across the Atlantic they spent wonderful evenings with the Reformed Church congregation at Nice, France, on April 19 and at the Spanish Evangelical Church at Palma on Mallorca Island on April 26. The balance in the "Mission Fund" was divided between these two churches. Then they headed home. On the way across, their study of the books of the New Testament was completed and the membership rose to 146 by the time they docked at Norfolk.

As they held their last meeting on the forecandle, because the fellows were scattering all over the country, they gave a new watch and wallet to their sponsor, Chaplain Roderick Smith, and looked back on many memories: the inspiring visits to peoples of many lands and tongues, a record of fifty-four weeks when they welcomed at least one new member at every meeting, and, above all, a fellowship with each other that will never be forgotten. We hope that when the "Midway" sails again another Fellowship will be aboard!

"In Remembrance of Me"

Aims for This Program

1. To study the holy Communion, its origin, names, and primary meaning.
2. To observe differing usages, customs, and doctrines.
3. To learn their meaning for our lives.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Matt. 26:17-35; Mark 14:12-31; Luke 22:1-34; John 6, 13-17; I Cor. 11:23-29

HE WAS KNOWN to them in the breaking of the bread." Two weary, discouraged disciples were making their way to a suburb of Jerusalem on the evening of the first Easter Day when a Stranger overtook them and began talking with them about recent happenings in the city. He connected these events with the prophecy in the sacred books which we know as the Old Testament.

The disciples invited the Stranger to stop for supper with them. As he asked the blessing and broke the bread they recognized him. "It is the Lord!" But he was gone before they recovered from their surprise. They hurriedly retraced their steps to the city and went straight to the Upper Room where the Master had broken bread and told them that whenever they met in the future and broke a loaf and shared a cup they were to remember him.

Across the Christian centuries thousands have been going back by faith to that Upper Room and celebrating the Lord's Supper. What does it mean?

First of all the Communion is a memorial of Christ. We gather to remember him, what he said, what he did, and what he was. "Never man spake like this man," said his contemporary critics. The ages have confirmed their opinion. His matchless teaching is backed by the fact that he lived as he taught. He tells us to forgive and on the cross he is heard to say, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." He practiced what he preached. He said of the elements of the Holy Supper: "This is my body, which is broken for you. . . . This is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins."

So the Communion is a peculiar kind of memorial. It recalls his suffering and death on our behalf; his cross is ever near. He is very human, and wants to be remembered, and he chose this simple common, and yet effective way. But he is more than human; so we remember what he *was*: the Son of God. This gives the memorial meal larger and deeper meanings.

He was the Word, that spake it:

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He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.

It follows that many meanings are implicit in the Sacrament. It is not to be wondered that different and even conflicting doctrines of the Eucharist have been and are held by different churches. We shall look at some of them presently. There is one prerequisite however that underlies them all. They demand Faith.

A young officer dying on Flander's Field in his agony clutched the sod and biting a bit of grass was heard by the chaplain to murmur in Latin, "This is my body." The chaplain asked his bishop if that was a true Communion, and the wise old bishop said, "Yes, the *intention* was there." Regardless of the form, our Lord Christ answers the appeal of every trusting heart. If there is true faith he responds. No one church has a monopoly on this means of Grace. With John Watson the writer would say:

Whether in the great cathedral where the hushed multitude bow at the lifting of the Host, or in the Puritan Meeting House where the elements of the Sacrament pass from hand to hand, or on Scottish mountains where Covenanters keep the feast, or in dreary catacombs where early Christians celebrate the death they may tomorrow share, it is the same to the One Lord. He is above rite, asks only for love.

When you come to the Sacrament let it be in humility with confession from the heart and with an expectant faith. Then through the form, or even in spite

of a form which may be unfamiliar to you, the Lord, who has promised so to do, will come with spiritual refreshment and life.

In thus seeking to emphasize the universal and spiritual element we do not wish to abuse your own particular church's doctrine. The writer finds an emphasis on these characteristics in the Invitation written by Dr. John Hunter:

Come to this sacred Table, not because you must, but because you may; come to testify not that you are righteous but that you sincerely love our Lord Jesus Christ and desire to be his true disciple; come not because you are strong, but because you are weak; not because you have any claim on Heaven's rewards but because, in your frailty and sin you stand in constant need of Heaven's mercy and help; come not to express an opinion, but to seek a Presence and pray for a Spirit.

NAMES

The "*Last Supper*" is an historic event of the past. The "Lord's Supper," a much-used designation, is its celebration across the years. The "Communion" represents the fellowship with our Lord and with one another. The "Sacrament," according to the *Book of Common Prayer*, is "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace" instituted by Christ. The "Eucharist" is the Greek word for a giving of thanks.

Customs and usages vary greatly because of inherited traditions. Some kneel, some stand, some "reverently bow down." In some churches the Sacrament is celebrated daily, in some weekly, in some quarterly. In many

churches communicants come to the altar rail, in a few they sit at tables, and in others they sit in the pews and are served by elders or deacons.

DIFFERING DOCTRINES

First let us consider the Roman Catholic doctrine. By the words, "Do this in remembrance of me," Jesus gave his apostles power to change bread and wine into his body and blood. From the apostles this power was passed to their successors in the priesthood. They alone have this power. The Mass is a sacrifice. Christ is offering again. The elements become the very body and blood of Christ though they retain the appearance of bread and wine. This view is called "transubstantiation."

The Protestant reformers rejected this view. Luther held to "consubstantiation" saying that "In the Lord's Supper there is an earthly material, bread and wine, and a celestial material, the body and blood of Christ." Calvin held that the sacramental materials were symbolic. "The doctrine of transubstantiation identifies these; that of consubstantiation mingles them; the symbolic doctrine separates them." (Voigt) To Luther the body and blood of Christ were taken "orally by mouth," to Calvin they were taken "spiritually by faith." This latter view became the dominant one in Reformed churches.

When we participate in Communion it is our public profession

Questions for Discussion

1. Explain the meaning and practice of Communion in your own local church.
2. What meaning should a World-wide Communion on the first Sunday in October carry for the Church and for each of us?
3. How would you arrange a Communion for an interdenominational youth group on some special occasion like Easter?
4. Ask your chaplain what Communion has to do with salvation.

of our faith in Christ as our Lord and Master. It is a personal act of rededication to him, a renewal of our allegiance to the Captain of our Salvation. It is a veritable "sacramentum" oath such as the Roman soldier took when he enlisted.

It seems pathetic that the Institution that Christ gave to his disciples to help bind them together in allegiance to him should have proved to be such a source of division and strife. The whole ecumenical movement stalls when it comes to the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Some Christians practice "close communion," admitting only those baptized by immersion; others exclude those not "confirmed" in the baptismal faith by a bishop; and so on. One is tempted to quote: "Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you?"



New ideas hurt some minds as much as new shoes hurt some feet.

"More Things Are Wrought by Prayer"

Aims for This Program

1. To learn what Jesus thought and taught and practiced about prayer.
2. To look at methods that have proved helpful.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: II Chron. 6; Matt. 6:5-15; Luke 11:1-13

ONCE when Jesus had prayed in his disciples' hearing they said to him, "Lord, teach us to pray." They were men of prayer who had been taught prayers in home and synagogue school. They said grace at meals, prayed three times a day (Daniel 6:10), and often heard prayers in public worship at synagogue and Temple. Yet when Jesus prayed it was so different that they said, "Lord, teach us to pray." James Russell Lowell said that though he had said his prayers daily, only two or three times in his life had he really prayed! In answer to the disciples' request Jesus gave them the "Lord's Prayer." Let us examine it. It is suggested that the reader write out his own thoughts as to its meaning, sentence by sentence.

Our Father. Notice the *plural*. Prayer is unselfish. All are children of God, and I have no exclusive privileges. The name for God is *Father*. Not that God is limited and fallible like a human father, but the best qualities of love and devotion found in human parenthood raised to their highest power are in God. Is it right to think of Deity in any such human terms?

Some students were in the

study of Woodrow Wilson. After the stated lesson the talk turned naturally to religion. The word *Father* was used and one student said, "But sir, isn't that anthropomorphism?" Mr. Wilson answered, "Is there any other way to think about such things?" In fact, is there any other way to think about anything except by analogy—trying to picture the unknown or less known in terms of the more familiar?

Hallowed be thy name. In Hebrew thought the name stands for the character and personality. Reverence and humility are necessary to true prayer.

Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done. Jesus prayed in Gethsemane in mortal agony, "Father . . . not my will, but thine, be done." God's way, his Kingdom must come first, not ours. "Seek first his kingdom."

On earth as it is in heaven. The ideal is to be reflected in the human endeavor. His standard is the norm, the basis of judgment—"the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God."

Give us this day our daily bread. Live one day at a time; do not be overanxious or worried but

be trustful. Read the story in Exod. 17, Num. 11, and Jesus' use of this story in John 6:31-40. "Your heavenly Father knows that you need them all."

Forgive us our debts [trespasses, sins] *as we forgive our debtors.* Jesus took pains to emphasize this part of the prayer in the Sermon on the Mount. "If you do not forgive . . . neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." When someone wronged you or bitterly hurt you, did you find it easy to forgive? It is hard for us to forgive, to say nothing of forgetting. All Christian thinking tries to show how hard it is for God to forgive and how thoroughly he does it in Christ. There are several doctrines of the Atonement. Read the account of the crucifixion in one of the Gospels. Hear St. Paul say in Galatians, "But far be it from me to glory except in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by which the world has been crucified to me, and I to the world." Or read the first eight chapters of Romans.

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Read James 1:13-14, then learn by heart I Cor. 10:13. "God is faithful, and he will not let you be tempted beyond your strength, but with the temptation will also provide the way of escape, that you may be able to endure it."

Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. This doxology echoes the opening "hallowed." God is great and God is good!

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,

The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is meditation about God. It is communion with God and only secondarily asking things from God. Prayers can be long or short. Jesus used both kinds. He prayed all night before choosing his disciples, but he also used "arrow" prayers: "I thank thee, Father . . . Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit."

Mr. Spurgeon, the great London preacher, used to say, "When I go to the bank I cash my check, take my money, and go my way. I don't stay all day and ask if the bank is solvent." He was intimating that most of his praying was like that.

Lincoln said that he went to his knees for he had nowhere else to go. Many have done likewise in the hour of their greatest need, but prayer in the way that Jesus used it is not an act of desperation but rather talking with an Unseen Friend.

When St. Paul says "Pray without ceasing" he does not mean that one should be physically on one's knees all the time, but one should always be in a spirit of prayer.

A great scholar of our time confessed in an unguarded moment to his friend that he was always in prayer. That means an attitude of mind and spirit, subconscious but yet controlling.

Suppose you take a pencil and list some of the things for which you are grateful. Make similar lists of sins—of things which should not have been done and others which were left undone—and friends for whom you should

Questions for Discussion

1. Would it be good if God answered "Yes" to all the prayers that people offer? Should we ask God to do a thing for us that might possibly injure another?

2. Is privacy necessary to prayer? How can you pray when there is no privacy?

3. How will you recognize God's answer to your prayer? Is it important that you do?

4. Is praying for something ever a right substitute for doing something about it yourself? If you do what you can and pray, too, are you showing lack of faith?

pray. Such lists help to make prayer definite and keep it from being just the vain repetition against which Jesus warned. Read Matt. 6:7. So often we rattle off the very prayer he gave us in vain repetition. Is it not so?

There was once a boy who kept a list of things for which he was thankful and once a year on Thanksgiving Day he went through the list! He forgot that Paul said, "When I became a man, I gave up childish ways."

Prayer can be an act of affirmation or dedication. Use your Bible and try your hand at writing prayers. The following may be suggestive. Use one of these or one of your own making each morning for a week.

An Act of Commitment (To be read out loud if possible.)

O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me!

Thou knowest when I sit down and when I rise up;
thou discernest my thoughts from afar

And art acquainted with all my ways.

Even before a word is on my tongue,
lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend to heaven, thou art there!
If I make my bed in Sheol, thou art there!

If I say, "Let only darkness cover me,
and the light about me be night,"
even the darkness is not dark to thee,

for darkness is as light with thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart!
Try me and know my thoughts!

And see if there be any wicked way in me,
and lead me in the way everlasting!

An Act of Confession

Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy steadfast love;

Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity,
and cleanse me from my sin!

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Create in me a clean heart, O God,
and put a new and right spirit within me.

Take not thy holy Spirit from me.
Restore to me the joy of thy salvation.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God,
thou God of my salvation.

"Where Two or Three Are Gathered"

Aims for This Program

1. To look at the values of corporated worship.
2. To discuss ritual versus ritualism.
3. To discover reasons for the various parts of the service.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Psalms 48, 95, 100, 103, 122; Luke 4:16-32

THERE are as many varieties of public worship as there are varieties of religious experience. These are dictated by tradition, custom, conviction, and taste. Some people like formal services and some prefer simple ones. Some demand stately, liturgical movement, and some abhor all form. There is variety enough to please all, yet how few churches are crowded!

However, one effort pervades all forms. The objectives are simple and direct though the methods may be complicated and elaborate. The object of worship is God. Beyond ourselves we seek the Spiritual Other, the Eternal, the Creator of our dying bodies and our immortal souls, the great and holy God. Christians worship him as Father and Friend, as Saviour and Redeemer, "in spirit and in truth," even as Jesus taught and practiced.

The word "worship" is derived from two words meaning worth-ship. God is deserving of all honor and praise, love and adoration. It is his due. The true worshiper engages in worship with gladness, reverence, and praise. "I was glad when they said to me, 'Let us go to the house of the Lord!'"

Corporate worship does some-

thing subjectively to the individual that solitary prayer is not calculated to accomplish. Jesus, even though he was often in private prayer, went regularly to the synagogue. Man is a social animal so that he is at his best where two or three are gathered together, or where the great multitudes celebrate the holy day. Something happens when a group sings a familiar hymn or repeats a creed or psalm in unison. The individual loses his identity in the group. The congregation is more than the number of individuals that compose it.

The form of the service of worship is technically called the ritual. This may be very elaborate as in "high" churches or quite meager as in Puritan circles *but* a pattern of some sort there must be. The simplest order of service is ritual though not necessarily ritualistic.

When we look at the form, the hidden structure, and elements that enter in we discover that our theology will color our practice. There are two parties to worship: God and ourselves. Though poles apart, the object of worship is communication and fellowship. God is Spirit, and because we

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have souls and we are his children, communication is possible. We are out of tune with the Infinite no doubt, but, due to the very nature of God as Creator and Redeemer, man is made for fellowship with God and "we can find no rest till we find rest in thee."

Christian worship in its completeness has in it four elements. The first is *adoration*. The very nature of God demands reverence. He is holy; we are sinful. He is wise; we are ignorant. He is powerful; we are weak. Every attribute of God—infinity, eternity, holiness, goodness, justice, truth, love—has its opposite in us human creatures. Nevertheless the spark of divinity is in the clay.

Our response to adoration is *confession*. Humility becomes us. We honestly confess our sin, which is the opposite of God's holiness and the weakness due to our very humanity. Honest confession is the most difficult part of corporate worship because not only personal but public and social sins must be in mind.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just, and will forgive our sins." This is the very nature of the God of love—our Heavenly Father. Therefore some words of reassurance, forgiveness, pardon, properly follow our confession: "The Lord is merciful and gracious. . . . as far as the east is from the west, so far does he remove our transgressions from us."

Thanksgiving comes next. Out of the experience of forgiveness springs spontaneously a sense of gratitude to the merciful God for his pardon and peace. The heart prompts the voice to praise, "Bless

the Lord, O my soul, . . . who forgiveth all thine iniquities, . . . who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies."

Supplication then follows. This covers petition, intercession, and all forms of request. God, the source of all blessing and goodness, is asked for a continuance of his blessing, both material and spiritual. Public prayer is unselfish and inclusive. We pray not only for ourselves, our families, and our friends, but also for the nation, the Kingdom, the sick, the sorrowing, the erring, and the discouraged—"all sorts and conditions of men"—with a sympathy as wide as are human need and divine purpose. This is what Jesus taught and practiced.

So in public prayer these elements appear. They are not always in this order though it seems natural, psychological, and Biblical in sequence:

- A—Adoration
- C—Confession
- T—Thanksgiving
- S—Supplication

ACTS—Dean Weigle's words have many synonyms but his "ACTS" makes the steps easy to remember and anyone charged with the ordering of public worship would do well to have them in mind.

"ACTS" needs an additional "S" to complete it. Many people ask, and justly, "What has worship to do with life? Has it any practical value or is it just an emotional experience passing with the hour?" Emotions unrelated to action are not only useless but dangerous, say the psychologists.

So we need a second "S" to stand for *service*.

On one occasion at the close of morning worship, Dr. Fosdick raised his hand in benediction, then paused and said this curious thing: "The service now begins, the worship is ended. Go in peace. The Lord bless you. . . ." Curious but true. The worship is antecedent to the service and the real service is the devotion of the life to patterns of love, the cause of brotherhood, and the Kingdom. Disciples leave the Upper Room to walk the dusty highways of life, accompanied by Christ.

"ACTS" represents the skeleton, the hidden framework of worship, to be overlaid with flesh in many forms of beauty. The most beautiful human form is made possible by the hidden bone structure; just as most beautiful buildings have an unseen inner frame. Therefore "ritual," which is the form, is indispensable no matter how much one may dislike ritualistic performances. Often the order of worship in a small chapel is as rigid and unchangeable as the stated liturgy of the cathedral and possibly less worshipful.

Any adequate study of worship would immediately reveal that theological presuppositions are present at all times. The Orthodox churches emphasize the Incarnation; most churches of the Western tradition stress the Atonement. American and British "Free" churches too often put the ser-

Questions for Discussion

1. Are there any churches that have no ritual of any kind? What is their worship like?
2. Try making up several services of worship on the pattern of ACTSS. See how much variety you can get within that pattern.
3. If you dislike a certain ritual would it most likely be because of prejudice, because you don't understand it, or because the ritual is unchristian?
4. How far would you carry the idea that other people have as much right as you to worship as they please? How about snake handlers and Penitents?

mon first and foremost and treat the rest of the service as "preliminaries." The historic norm of worship for Christians is undoubtedly in the Sacrament. Some churches hold this practice and increasingly the trend is in that direction. However, it will be a sad day when ritual takes the place of instruction. Preaching the word of God, evangelism, education in religion, training in the faith, zeal for missions, all these emphases can and should be made in the church. The sermon should never be slighted. The ordination of most ministers is to "a ministry of the Word and Sacraments." Both can speak of God and neither should be neglected.

Some people use religion like a bus. They ride on it only when it is going their way.

Christians and How They Worship

Aims for This Program

1. To make a sympathetic study of the different churches' forms of worship.
2. To point out the differences between the Communion table and the altar.
3. To survey various forms of prayer.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Acts 2, 11:19-30; Eph. 3

WITH TWO exceptions all churches have sacraments. The Friends (Quakers) and the Salvation Army are the two. Roman Catholics have seven sacraments, Protestants have two—which are baptism and the Lord's Supper. These were instituted by Christ. There are three modes of baptism: immersion, pouring, and sprinkling. To Roman Catholics the Mass is a sacrifice as well as a sacrament. High-church Anglicans have a similar view. Where the idea of sacrifice is involved the Communion table is properly called an altar. It is placed against the back wall of the church and the minister (called a priest) faces the altar with his back to the congregation and acts as their intermediary with God. When no doctrine of sacrifice is held, the word "altar" is not properly used. The table is detached from the wall, the minister stands behind it facing the people, and they gather round it for the sacrament.

The table is often placed in a conspicuous place in the center of the chancel somewhat above the level of the congregation, thus em-

phasizing the idea of fellowship around the table. This arrangement places the pulpit at one side and the lectern is located on the opposite side of the chancel. On the lectern the Bible is placed. Many Protestants argue that this dignifies the Word of God, giving it a place by itself, whereas a Bible on the pulpit is apt to have hymnbooks, sermon manuscripts, and other things placed upon it. Others feel that a central pulpit with a large open Bible is the proper center of interest. When the pulpit has a central position it would seem that side aisles are indicated, thus putting a large part of the congregation in front of the minister. If a center aisle church has a center pulpit, obviously the minister is speaking down the aisle. Altar and center table arrangements demand center aisles which add apparent length to the building and focus attention on the altar with its cross and candles or on the table which may have a cross, flowers, or both. Two candles are usually placed on the altar symbolizing the divine and human natures of

Christ. When the table is set for Communion a chalice should hold the central position.

Architecture can picture the faith of the builders. The severe ideas of the Puritans found logical expression in the chaste Colonial interior, plain glass, high pulpit, and table on the congregational level. The soaring Gothic with its stained glass, high altar, candles, and incense helps create the feeling of the mystery involved in sacrifice. Stained glass with its ever-changing color patterns, its pictured symbols and saints was used in medieval times to teach lessons of history and the faith to people who couldn't read. Reading is common now, but the symbolic instruction has its charm and use. A strong liturgical movement is felt in all Protestant circles, and there is a new appreciation of beauty in stained glass, carving, picture, and decoration.

"Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary." Strength has been the Protestant emphasis. When we appropriate the beauty let us not make it the substitute for the strength of doctrine. Theology still has its place. It is well for us to remember that the Reforming Fathers left the stained glass and the soaring arches to worship in barns and on hillsides because they felt that form had replaced substance.

The materials for worship available to all are: the Bible, the hymnbook, and the creeds. In some churches a prayer book combines these with services for morning and evening worship, administration of the sacraments, and the conduct of all other services. Many churches have such

books, some of obligatory use, some are for voluntary use only. In prayer books directions for the conduct of the services are indicated in "rubrics." When these say, "Then *shall* the minister say . . ." you have a liturgical church in which the details are prescribed by ecclesiastical law and cannot be changed without some high authority. When the rubric says, "Then *may* the minister . . ." you have a free church where custom may dictate a certain procedure but it is not obligatory. If you have copies, compare the rubrics in the Episcopalian *Common Prayer* and the Presbyterian *Common Worship*.

More and more bits of liturgical material are being used effectively in "free" churches. Versicles, for example, which are short responsive prayers, are very old but are coming into more common usage. One example is, "The Lord be with you." The congregation responds, "And with thy spirit." Litanies also are being used more frequently. They are responsive prayers of some length dealing with subjects such as faith or confession or thanksgiving. They give the people a part in the prayer whereas the minister in the free church is too often a solo performer.

Extemporaneous prayer ought never to mean unprepared prayer. Definite and prolonged preparation, both direct and indirect, is demanded just as preparation for a sermon is needed. There should be a progressive pattern underlying the pastoral prayer. The worship formula ACTSS can serve here also. Such prayers should cover the needs of the congrega-

Questions for Discussion

1. Draw designs of the different arrangements (pulpit, table, font, etc.) of the front of your home church. Discuss the merits of each plan.

2. Why is it we quarrel about ritual and church architecture? Should we quarrel in the same way about sermons, prayers, and hymns?

3. Some groups have made their own prayer books for Christmas or Lent. Have each person take a passage of scripture and write a prayer with this material in mind.

4. If you were a minister would you rather have the service "stated" or "free"? Should the laymen have any choice in this matter?

tion, the ideals of the Kingdom, the duties of citizenship, and any other Christian concern.

A collect is a special form of prayer which is very old. It has five parts: 1. the name of God, 2. the relative clause suggesting some attribute of God, 3. the gift asked for, 4. the reason, 5. the name of Christ. For example, look at the collect most often used at the opening of the Communion service: (1) Almighty God, (2) unto Whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from Whom no secrets are hid; (3) cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, (4) that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify thy holy Name. (5) Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. There are three parts to the attributes in this

collect. Study several collects and then try to make a short prayer yourself with this pattern in mind.

If one goes to church in Scotland the people stand for prayer. Cross the border and go to church in England the people kneel. In most American churches they bow their heads. What do you do? Have you a gesture of reverence? One will help. Choose one and make it your own.

The church inherited the Synagogue service. Reading of Scripture, repetition of the psalms, singing of the prayers, an exposition or sermon, all these still persist in Christian churches in some form.

Hymns are used in nearly all churches. The ancient psalms were put into verse in Reformation times. Calvin converted a Paris dancing master and made him responsible for the music in Geneva. The tune "Old Hundred" is his composition. Martin Luther wrote both words and music—"Ein Feste Burg," for example. There are those who have said that he did more for Christianity by his music than by his preaching!

With Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley, hymn singing became common in Protestant churches. Today's hymnals have hymns on all subjects with tunes from all sources such as Scottish Psalter, the German chorales, stately Church of England music, Negro spirituals, folk melodies, and gospel songs. The hymnbook is the truest index of spirituality and devotional theology. It is truly ecumenical.

Recreational Activities

A Tournament—Yes or No?

by Joe Dana

This is the time of year to start a tournament if we are going to have one. And that is a good question: *Should* we have one or not? There will be those who will rise to argue on each side. All will agree that a tournament is fine. The question is whether it is fine for fellowship groups or not.

Those who oppose it for a youth group marshal many good arguments. They say that a tournament puts too much stress on winning and tends to glorify the winner at the expense of the fellowship. They point out that a group can get very badly tied to a rut by having a tourney that runs on for month after month.

These are valid arguments and there are probably more. But to me they are not against tournaments but against abusing tournaments. I believe that a schedule of games can be arranged which will pick a final winner and yet benefit the group. It will help eliminate the common "don't care" attitude toward recreation. Recreation ought to have some meaning and not be just a way of passing the time. A well-run tourney can give it meaning. But if the tournament is to do good instead of harm to the group it will have to be carefully planned and controlled.

The game chosen must be one that everyone can play fairly well.

A tournament where most of the group never had a chance either because of size, strength, or lack, of training is wrong in the beginning. There are plenty of games in which anyone who is a good sport can take part. The best game will be one that requires teams of from two to five persons.

Usually a tournament should not run for more than a month. Play it, get it over, and start another. Never let it drag on forever. The gang can get excited by a series that move fast and hit a quick climax. They will soon give up on one that drags.

Don't let your cliques make up your teams. Mix up the whole group together. This will build group spirit; teams which are cliques will soon ruin it. If there isn't enough group loyalty to divide up any way that is best, the group is not ready for a tournament. Never put newcomers on a team by themselves. Never let the best players team up together.

Have some reward for the group at the end of the play rather than just glory for the individual. Let the "second division" teams treat the group or give a party for the "first division." Make it an event that celebrates victory for the whole group.

A tournament can be a lot of fun; but watch it! It can backfire.

A
BIBLE READING
FOR
EVERY DAY
OF THE MONTH



BY
JAMES V. CLAYPOOL
Secy., promotion of
Bible Use,
American Bible
Society

THEME: Some Questions Answered from the Word of God

1. What Is God Like? John 14:6-14
2. Is Jesus Our God? John 1:1-18
3. What Is Faith? Hebrews 11:1-7
4. What Is the Bible For? John 5:30-40
5. How Understand the Bible? I Corinthians 2:6-16
6. Is It Enough to Do Your Best? John 3:1-7
7. Must We Believe in Christ? I John 5:1-13
8. Do We Require His Spirit? Romans 8:1-11
9. Who Can Come to Jesus? Matthew 11:25-30
10. Are All Men Sinners? I John 1:1-10
11. What Is Repentance? Luke 15:11-21
12. Should All Men Repent? Luke 24:44-49
13. How Does One Accept Christ? Romans 10:1-13
14. What Does It Mean to Accept Christ? Romans 6:15-23
15. Does a Man Reap What He Sows? Galatians 6:1-10
16. How Are Sins Forgiven? Luke 6:40-50
17. Why Should a Person Love God? Romans 5:1-8
18. What Does the Grace of God Mean? Ephesians 2:1-10
19. Will the Lord Speak to You? John 14:14-21
20. Why Do Christians Fail? II Timothy 3:1-9
21. Why Isn't There Only One Church? I Corinthians 3:1-9
22. Should You Join a Church? Acts 2:37-42
23. Can You Do As You Like? Galatians 5:13-26
24. How Get Along with Others? Romans 12:9-21
25. How Should We Pray? Matthew 6:5-15
26. Does God Give Us Temptations? James 1:1-18
27. Will Christians Deny Themselves? Matthew 5:27-48
28. Is There Life After Death? John 14:1-4
29. Is God Good? Matthew 7:1-12
30. Should We Be Baptized? Matthew 28:16-20
31. What Is the Path of Truth? II John

In Memoriam

THOMAS A. RYMER

June 5, 1953

OF HIM WHO CALLED ME

If I believed that God called me
Knowing my faults, which all can see,
To work with Him, I'd do my best
Without a fear, and leave the rest
To Him who called me.

If I believed that God is kind,
Then how could I continue blind
To all the showered love divine
That daily falls on me and mine
From Him who called me?

If I believed that God is great,
That all of life is plan, not fate,
Then all the good I'd like to do
With honest effort could come true
Through Him who called me.

Since I believe that God did call,
That He is good and knoweth all,
With faith in Him I'll try to be
The kind of partner sought in me
By Him who called me.

THE MAN who wrote "Of Him Who Called Me" has been called to serve his God beyond the limits of life on the earth.

Thomas A. Rymer, who retired May first as director of the General Commission on Chaplains and editor of THE CHAPLAIN and THE LINK, died at "Twin Brooks Farm," his home at Fairfield, Pennsylvania.

In a beautifully simple funeral at the Lower Marsh Creek Presbyterian Church near his home, his friend and pastor, Harry S. Ecker, summed up Mr. Rymer's life in the words of the prophet Micah:

He has showed you, O man, what is good;
and what does the Lord require of you
but to do justice, and to love kindness,
and to walk humbly with your God.



A woman explaining a traffic crash to a policeman, concluded: ". . . and then I very clearly signalled that I had changed my mind."

A Red corpuscle is not a Russian non-com.

—*The Dope Sheet*

First Lawyer: "Your a low-down, no-good cheat."

Second Lawyer: "You're an unmitigated liar!"

Judge: "Now that the attorneys have identified each other, shall we proceed?"

Money talks but today a five-spot merely whispers.

Wolf: A big dame hunter. A guy who enjoys life, liberty, and the happiness of pursuit.

The sour-faced, oddly-dressed lady was poking among the brooms in the hardware store when a young clerk asked if he could help her.

"Nothing here is worth buying," she snapped. "Flimsy, cheap straw, poor handles, shoddy material!" Seizing the last broom in the stock she shook it under the nose of the bewildered clerk and said angrily: "Not like the brooms

they used to make! Give the floor one good sweep and it would fall apart! What's it good for?"

"Well," the clerk said gently after a thoughtful pause, "you may find that it flies wonderfully."

—*The Right Hand*

Housewife: "Are those eggs strictly fresh?"

Grocer (to his clerk): "Feel those eggs, Del, and see if they're cool enough to sell yet."

A woman who wanted to show off her young son's scientific knowledge to the members of her bridge club called the youngster in and asked: "Bobby, what does it mean when steam comes out of the keettle spout?"

"It means," replied Bobby, "that you are going to steam open one of daddy's letters."



"Beats answering a lot of goofy questions!"





